

A NEW SONG

Called the Jolly Sailors true discriptions,
of a Man of War.



WHEN first on board a Man of War,
We go when Preys or enter
And a long-side our Ship we come,
We boldly in her venture :
Such twiging then, at we fresh Man,
They're cleaver fellow's some say,
While the Buffers stand with their Rattans,
Crying Keep down one off the Gangway,

Then aft upon the Quarter Deck,
We go it being common,
Our Officers examine us,
To know who and who are Seamen :
There's some are Seamen others Freemen,
Some one thing and some another,
Then we down below on the maindeck go,
Boys after one another.

Next to old trinket we go,
For an order to get our hammocks,
Then aft again and down amain,
Not forgetting our Stomachs ;
The Steward Pens he takes our names,
And tells us our mess's,
but nipping there they can't forbear,
For the Devil them pollutes.

Then up again upon the Deck,
So briskly boys we bundle,
Since we have well secured our Peck,
We have no cause to grumble ;
Then we clap on what we are upon,
Some piping others singing,
There's haste away likewise belay,
thus we make a beginning.

When once our Ship has got a mind,
And nothing known neglected,
to think of sea we do begin,
Our order soon expected ;
then with a career we get all clear,
In readiness for unmorting,
boats a long-side in wind and tide,
For to carry the Women on shore in.

All hands unmore the boatswain he calls,
And he pipes at every hatchway,
If you tem coxie travis tip him,
take care he don't catch ye ;
For without doubt if he finds you out,
You may be sure within ye,
Over face and eyes to you'r surprize,
He'll warm you without tinney,

The capstone is all ready mard,
Shall we here the boatswain hollow,
Sometimes he is listening at a stand,
to here what answer follows ;
We have not brought to theres such a due,
While some are calling the sweepers,
Now heave away without delay,
boys hold well on the nippers.

The boatswain and his mates are piping
Gryng men heave aRalley,
And often for wards they are pikeing,
to have a rout in the Gally ;
What are all we about away with us out,
to leave our victuals we abhor it.
With cuffs and knocks leave kittles & pots,
And the devil cuff them for it.

Heave and in sight men heave away,
from forward the boatswain is calling,
Heave a turn or two without delay,
Stand by the capstone for pulling,
then one and all to the Cat fall
we haull both strong and able,
till presently from forward they cry,
below stick out the cable.

We cat our anchors than with speed,
and nimly pass the stopper;
then next to fish him we proceed
Our shankpainter so proper ;
which we do pais securely fast,
and elap well on a seazing,
Our anchors be sure can't be to secure,
It stands to sense and reason..

When once our ship she is under way,
Our swelling sails so neatly,
with fore tack and main tack on board,
Our sheets haul'd ast completely ;
then away we sail with a fresh gue,
On a voyage or on a station,
Like English hearts we play our parts,
In defence of the british nation.

The best cry that we like to here,
On board as I am a sinner,
Is when from the quarter deck they call,
to the boatswain to pipe to dinner ;
such scrouging then among the men,
Some grumble others rangle,
You'r nobody there without you can swear
and boldly stand a Rangle.

Theres green horn fellows some on board
before ne'r saw salt water,
When come to sea upon my word,
the case with them does alter,
they better know how to follow the Plow,
with good fat bacon and cabidge,
when sea sick took like death they look,
Ready to bring up guts and gabidg.

When stormy winds begins to blow,
Our ship in a great Motion,
to carry our victuals safe down below,
It requires a good notion,
very often we fall down the hatchway withal
from the top to the bottom lay sprawling,
such laughing then among the men,
and loudly the butcher calling.

Theres snotey boys of Midshipmen,
Has not done shitting yellow,
as to there age somb hardly ten,
Strikes many a brave fellow ;
We dares not prate at any rate,
Nor seem in the least to mumble,
they'll strap you still think what you will,
It is but a folly to grumble.

Now to conclude and make an end,
In a full flowing brimmer,
Let every one drink to his friend,
the bowl seems to look thinner,
we'll fill it again like sons of men,
And drink bad luck to the Purser,
they cheat us with ease of our o'mal & pease,
such Rogues there can't be worser.